Betweene his yonger dayes and theſe he muſters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the laſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes
If he ſtay in *France*.
Well for vs, you ſhall returne our anſwere backe
To our brother England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hote ſeruice.
Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and die.
Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.
Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
Piſt. And I. If wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen *and beates them in.*

Flew. Godes plud vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?
Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.
Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute caſe, carryed it three mile,
And ſold it for three hapence.
Nim ſtole a fier ſhouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the Boy.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Gaptain *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Looke